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Hard Times

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ROVING JOURNEYMAN.

I AM a roving Journeyman,
And I rove from town to town,
Wherever I get a job of work,
I'm willing to set down,
With my kit upon my shoulder,
And my stick then in my hand,
It's down the country I will go,
A roving Journeyman.

But when I came to Carlow,
The girls all jumped for joy,
Saying one unto another,
"Here comes a roving boy;"
One treats me to a bottle,
Another to a dram,
And the toast goes round the table,
Here's a health to the Journeyman.

I had not been to Carlow,
The days but only three,
When a skinner's lovely daughter,
She fell in love with me;
She wanted me to live with her,
And took me by the hand,
And she slyly told her mother,
That she loved her Journeyman.

Oh! hold your tongue you silly fool,
Why do you dare say so,
How can you love a Journeyman,
You never saw before.

Oh: hold your tongue dear mother,
And do the best you can,
For it's down the country I will go,
With my roving Journeyman.

Then I took my stick into my hand,
And kit on back also,
And away from friends and parents,
A roving I did go.

There's not a town that I go through,
But I get a new sweetheart,
So girls, if you believe me,
I am sorry with you to part.

I cannot tell the reason,
My love she looks so shy,
I always carries a cordial,
To make the maids comply;
I never use the magic art,
With any female kind,
Which makes me now go roving,
And leave my love behind.

So now my loving sweetheart,
To you I bid adieu,
But if ever I do return again,
I'll surely marry you.

Now let them all be talking,
And say the worst they can,
For it's down in Dublin I will go,
A roving Journeyman.

HARD TIMES

COME

Again no More.



London—H. SUCH, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union-street, Borough. S. E.



LET us pause in life's pleasures and count
its many fears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor,
Here's a song that shall linger for ever in our
ears,
'Oh! hard times come again no more.'

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more;
Many days have you lingered around my
cabin door,
'Oh! hard times come again no more.'

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music
light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door,
Though their voices are silent, their pleading
looks will say,
'Oh! hard times come again no more.'

There's a pale drooping maiden who works
her life away,
With a warm heart, whose better days are
o'er,
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis singing
all the day,
'Oh! 'tis hard times come again no more.'
'Tis the song, &c.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled
wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard across the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the
lowly grave,
'Oh! hard times come again no more.'
'Tis the song, &c.

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